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PURSUANT to an Order of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in re Wray Wray vs. Wray.

All parties having specific liens upon the whole or any part of the Estate of Alexander Wray, late of the Town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria, Auctioneer, deceased, or upon any undivided interest or estate therein of any of the parties in this suit by means of any mortgage or other lien or security, sufficient to bind lands according to the law of this Province, are requested to produce to the Master of the said Court, at Lindsay, on or before the 10th day of February, 1888, full particulars of all such liens or incumbrances, together with satisfactory evidence of the amount due thereon.

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H. J. LYTLE.

Cambray, Jan. 1888.

Brown.

We rode and played tennis together,
We walked on the beach at low tide,
Ah me, for the sweet summer weather
When I lingered and loved at her side!
She was kind, but oh! fact most alarming,
I could not help feeling cast down—
She made herself equally charming
To that terrible Brown.

If I tasted a transient pleasure
When she talked all the morning to me,
It was always subdued in a measure,
By the thought Brown was coming at three.
Though she granted me five dances running,
The roses she wore in her gown
Made me wickedly long to go gunning
For their purchaser, Brown.

When we parted she murmured, demurely
That of course I might write, if I wished
And I fancied a moment that surely
My rival was thoroughly dished;
But she said, as my joyful eyes met hers,
She was dying for news from the town
I must send her nice gossipy letters,
Like my friend Mr. Brown.

It's a year since my hopes were thus blighted;
Their memory seems almost a myth,
And I learn she will soon be united
To an opulent person named Smith;
Here's the cream-colored, svuare invitation
My grief I endeavor to drown
In the thought ('tis a great consolation
She has sent one to Brown!

THE ODD ONE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

In every family there is an Odd One
Gerty was the odd one in the Maize family.

There was Lucia, who was tall and blooming, and played and sang divinely. There was Alice, who painted in water colors and went to art lectures, and prided herself on her pink and white completion. And there was Isabel, who wrote such spicy little sketches and sweet rhyming poems, and had an "At Home" evening. But Gerty was left out in the cold. She seemed to have no especial vocation for anything, except to mend the family stockings, and feed the household pets, and be jeered at by one and all.

General Malcolm Maize himself was a dashing young-old gentleman, and Mrs. Maize was a faded beauty. The Maizes were a family whose expenses counted up appalingly.

"It will be all right when the girls marry rich husbands," said the general, stroking his chin.

"Yes, *when!*" sighed his wife. "I think there can be no doubt about Lucia and Alice and Isabel. They are beautiful and attractive, the dear girls; but I'm afraid Gerty will always be a burden on our hands."

Living as the Maizes did with a great deal of show and very little corresponding foundation, it will readily be conjectured that they were not exacely pleased when Uncle Philip, the general's brother came to live with them. In Colorado, where he migrated from, hospitality was universal. If you came to stay a year with a man, he considered it a favour; and Uncle Philip never dreamed that his society could possibly be unwelcome under the roof of his own brother.

The general made a grimace.

"I suppose we shall have to stand it" he said, confidentially, to his wife. "I can't very well charge the old man for board, or put him out of doors. Perhaps he'll tire of New York."

But in Uncle Philip's quiet society Gerty soon found a sort of satisfaction. She could talk to him as she could to no one else. She could confide to him the secret troubles of her poor little heart.

"You see, Uncle Philip," said she, "they don't seem to need me here."

"Think not, my dear?" said Uncle Philip.

"I should so like a profession," said eager Gerty.

"Why don't you learn housework," said Uncle Philip.

"Housework!" echoed Gerty.

"In my opinion," slowly spoke the old man, "housework is the noblest of all professions for women. What can be a higher vocation than that of a Priestess to the Altar of Home,

Gerty was silent a moment.

"I never thought of that," answered Gerty.

"Think of it now," said Uncle Philip.

"I will," declared Gerty.

There was no danger that any one would interfere with the prosecution of this new plan, Lucia opened her large, languid eyes; Alice burst out laughing; Isabel sneered at the idea of "turning housemaid!" But Gerty adhered steadfastly to her plan.

And one day she came up to Uncle Philip's room with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Uncle," she said, "papa has been talking to us girls. He is poor, he says, and he cannot support us any longer. He has lost some money at cards, mamma is afraid, and—and there is a Sheriff's officer in the house."

"Don't fret, my dear," said Uncle Philip. "Such things are far commoner than you seem to imagine!"

"And we are to break up housekeeping and go into a flat; and papa says he will keep the three girls with him, because there is some prospect of their marring, but I must try and get a situation some where, because I am the Odd One!"

Uncle Philip similed.

"You are an odd one, Gertrude," said he, "and I am another. Between us we'll make a pair, eh?"

"I don't think I am welcome to this house," said Gerty sadly.

'And I'm quite certain that I am not," observed Uncle Philip. "People down East ha ven't our Colorado ways. The welcome my brother has given me is but cold. Gerty, "caressing her hand, "you and I will take ourselves off. We'll make a homo of our own. You shall be my little housekeeper, eh? —now that you've learned your profession!"

Gerty's eyes brightened.

"Oh, Uncle Philip," said she, „I should like it so much. You are always so kind. And I love you, Uncle Philip."

The old man smiled. It was as sweet to him to be loved as if he had been twenty years younger.

The Maize family heard of this defection from their number with evident relief.

"Poor, dear Gerty!" sighed Lucia.

"What a trial it will be to her!"

„It would be, if she was like other people," said Alice. "But Gerty always was an odd one!"

"She's a born drudge," said Isabel. "I've known her to spend more time over a pudding than I do over a poem.

"She and that half-witted old man will tuck themselves away into a horrid, stuffy farm-house house somewhere, and it will just suit them," said Mrs. Maize, with a dethroned-princess air. "Gerty never was like the rest of us."

So Gerty and Uncle Philip went away.

"Where are we going, Uncle Philip?" said the girl.

"Into the country," the old man answered. "I've bought me a little place there. You like the country, don't you Gerty?"

"Oh, so much!" cried Gerty, with glittering eyes. "I shall be able now to sit under an apple tree when the boughs are loaded with pink blossoms —to watch the maple trees hang out their red banners—to hear a real, uncaged robin sing! Oh, Uncle Philip, how nice it will be! I'll make the bread and churn the butter. We shall be able to aford a cow, sha'nt we?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Uncle Philip beamingly, as he watched his niece's radiant face.

"And you will dig the garden and plant the lettuce and the green peas," exclaimed Gerty, clapping her hands. "I'm such a good housekeeper now! You shall see how closely I can economize. How glad I am, dear uncle that you came to Colorado!"

And Gerty threw her arms around the old man's neck and kissed him with a burst of genuine affection.

"So am I," said Uncle Philip, smiling.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached Lovel Grange. Gerty had been weaving visions about it all day as they rode in the train. It was an old low-eaved cottage, she was quiet sure, with a ghost somewhere under its rafters, a honey-suckle vine climbing over the front porch, and an umbrella-branched apple tree at the south end. Wasn't it. And Uncle Philip only shook his head and smiled.

"We shall see," he said.

At the station a low-barouche, drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses was waiting.

"From Lovel Grange, sir," said the couchman, touching his hat.

"Get in, my dear," said Uncle Philip, courteously proffering his arm to his niece.

"But there is some mistake!" cried Gerty.

"No, I think not," said Uncle Philip.

"Drive on, my man!"

Through the red sunset they whirled —past blooming orchards, under drooping elms just bursting into bud, over the green grass of country roads, while Gerty breathed in the pure air as if it was sparkling draughts of champagne.

"Oh, Uncle Philip," she cried, "see that moble stone nansion on the crest of the hill, with its windows all turned to sheets of gold in the sunset! And there is a range of conservatories behind. See how it glistens! And such royal old elms on the lawn! And statues, Uncle Philip, the size of life! and—why, we are driving into the gates!"

"I thought you'd like to see the place, my dear," said Uncle Philip.

"It is *home!*"

"Home, Uncle Philip!" she exclaimed.

"Our home, dear, hereafter," he answered.

"But Uncle Philip—"

"Yes, Gerty."

"I though that you were poor."

"I never said so, my dear."

"But papa belived that you were."

"So I concluded, from the welcome that he gave me. No one was glad to see me but you, Gerty, and now, by way of some small return, I welcome you to *my* home. Kiss me, my dear, and may Heaven grant that we may live here long and happily."

And Gerty could only burst into happy tears, and kiss her uncle over and over again.

"There,s a pair of Odd Ones here now, Gerty," said Uncle Philip, jocosely. "A happy old gentleman and a contented lassie, eh?"

"What will the girls say?" cried Gerty. "And papa! and mamma! Why this is a *palace*, and you are the King. And I am the Princess Royal!"

"Exactly," smiled Uncle Philip.

The General and Mrs. Maize were entirely taken aback when they heard of the splendors of the Lovel Grange. And when Alice and Lucia and Isabel came to visit Gerty, they sighed envious sighs.

"Why didn't Uncle Philip give us some hint that he was rich?" said Alice.

"It's no better than swindling" cried Isabel.

"And I shouldn't wonder, after all, if Gerty were married before any of us —the sly puss!" declared Lucia, vindictively.

For things had turned out so entirely different from what people had expected.

THE POOL.

Now it is night. Tree surrounded,
Mirrored is naught in the pool but the image of one faint star.
Wrestling and groaning, the trees
Clasp their strong arms round each other call-ing for help from afar.

Lost winds among them are wandering,
Chiding, bewailing, entreating; then rushing into the night,
Dashing the leaves from the branches,
Hurling the bat from his pathway, chasing the owl in his flight.

See, all have sunk into silence!
Hark, how the dry twigs are crackling; forth from his lair comes a beast,
Down by the pool he has been him.
Dances the star in its bosom, stirred by jaws red from the feast.

Cooled is his fever. Majestic,
Stalks he away thro' the gloom. Silent yet all things that are,
For it is night. Tree surrounded,
Mirrored is naught in the pool but the image of one faint star.

—Noel Denis in Overland Monthly.

A MENAGERIE AT SEA.

I was one of the crew of the African coasting brig Antelope, and on one voyage from Masimba to Cape Town we put in at Quilimane for water, some of our casks having been stove. We had scarcely made fast at a wharf when a German came aboard to offer us some queer freight. He was an agent of a great wild animal firm at Hamburg, and had just come down to the coast with a rare lot. There was a black two horned rhinoceros, or borele, three lions, two panthers and three monstrous serpents. He had expected to find the firm's ship at this port, but through some misunderstanding she had not shown up. He wanted to get the animals to Cape Town as soon as possible, and was willing to give us a good price to take them. We were chock full below hatches, and the idea of taking the cages on deck was far from pleasant.

The agent was a persistent fellow and a good talker, and before we had our water in the captain had decided on taking the freight. A couple of natives were to go along to care for them, and there would be no expense to the brig. We looked over the cages and found them apparently strong and secure, and when the work of loading began we had very little trouble. The rhinoceros was transferred to a pen of wood and iron, which gave him very little room to spare, and he behaved himself like a gentleman while we were getting him aboard. Indeed, the whole collection seemed to be under a spell. The lions acted like frightened dogs and the panthers never uttered a snarl, while the big serpents seemed to sleep through it all. We made our offing about sunset, and darkness had no sooner settled down and the brig got her motion in the seas than we found ourselves treated to a concert which made every man's hair stand on end. It may be that the animals were seasick, or that the motion of the ship frightened them. They broke out with howls and roars and yelps and screams, and nothing would quiet them.

The rhinoceros didn't propose to stand neutral in that affair, and he uttered such snorts and "woofs," and made such efforts to break out of his pen that some of the men were ready to make for the crosstrees. It came on a darkish night, with the wind blowing in gusts, and not a man aboard that brig closed his eyes in sleep. When the lions were not roaring the panthers were screaming, and about once in five minutes the borele would utter a loud "woof!" and made an attack on his pen. It did no good to throw food to the brutes; hunger had nothing to do with their conduct. Each one had been captured singly, and each was full grown and dangerous. The near presence of men, the sight of each other and the rough motion of the brig conspired to thoroughly excite each and every one. The serpents were wide awake and vengeful, and the rhinoceros was mad clear through. A more dangerous and vindictive creature than the black rhinoceros cannot be found on earth. He is afraid of nothing under the sun. He is boiling over with the sulks twenty-three out of the twenty-four hours each day in the week. Odds is the difference to him whether he charges an elephant or a lion. The first thing which comes in sight sets him off on a mad charge, and he will never cool down while there is a show to wreak vengeance.

The fellow we had on deck was a piece of ugliness weighing from 1,300 to 1,400 pounds. He had been caught in a pit, and there had been no end of trouble to get him down to the coast. While he was in close quarters and had little show to smash things, it was evident from his actions that he would do the best he could. He kept raking his great horn back and forth across the bars of his pen, and whenever any one went near him he exhibited his anger in a dozen ways.

The night wore away at last, and when daylight came the beasts ceased their racket. They were less noisy on the second night, and on the third we had no trouble at all. On the fourth morning after leaving Quilimane, having had a good breeze all the time, we were to the south of the lower end of Madagascar, and well into the Indian ocean. Soon after breakfast the breeze died away, and by 9 o'clock we were in a dead calm, and it was hot enough on deck to start the pitch in the seams. Every sign indicated that we had lost the wind for some hours. The surface of the ocean was like glass, with only a ground swell running, and we had scarcely lost steerage way when we were surrounded by sharks. I believe that fully 100 of the monsters came prowling about us, and as we had little or nothing to do the captain readily granted us permission to bait them. We threw over the shark hook, baited with a piece of salt beef, and it had scarcely touched the water when a fifteen foot shark ran away with it. We tailed on to the line and hauled him alongside in order to get a noose over his head to lift on, and we were about ready to heave and haul when there was a great crash on deck behind us.

The captain and first mate were below, and the second mate, who had the watch on deck, was bossing the job of hauling in our captive. We were all aft on the port quarter, and for a few minutes the animals had been left to themselves. The cause of the smash was the rhinoceros breaking out of his pen. The beast worked it in a cute way. He leaned his whole weight on one side, and by and by, as the brig lifted and then went down heavily in the next hollow, the great jar, added to his dead weight, broke the fastenings of the bars. As we turned he was just emerging from the pen, and at the same moment the lions and panthers began to roar and scream. They knew the ugly nature of the beast, and they probably suspected what was coming. The natives rushed forward, shouting and gesturing, and hoping to drive the borele back, but he was not to be intimidated. His eyes began to snap and his tail to switch, and all of a sudden he lowered his head and charged at us. Being a small craft, the space between the cabin roof and the bulwarks was not wide enough to admit of the body of the borele, but he made several determined attempts to come at us before he turned away.

You would have thought the rise and fall of the brig would have thrown him down, or at least made him careful how he moved about, but he never minded it, and his legs were as firm under him as an old sailor's. We were after ropes to lasso him when he drew back, wheeled around, and charged forward. The first thing he came to was the cage containing the serpents. It had a compartment for each. He struck it on end, gave it a toss in the air, and as it came down the three big snakes, hissing like geese, glided in different directions. One ran under the cage, a second out on the bowsprit, and the third darted into the forecastle. The natives called to us to look out, as the borele would attack the other cages, and while some of the men sprang down the companionway into the cabin, the others ran up the mainmast shrouds. I was one of the latter, there being four of us, and when about half way to the crosstrees we paused to watch the further actions of the rhinoceros. The lions and panthers were raising an awful racket, and the confusion was deafening The big beast cleared his born of a portion of the cage banging to it, and then struck that containing the panthers. The beasts were liberated in a moment, and as they ran about the deck the lions roared and raved until we had to stop our ears. One of the panthers ran aft and leaped into the yawl boat at the davits and crouched under the thwart, and the other hid under the bedding we had brought up to air and spread at the heel of the bowsprit.

The borele was now thoroughly enraged, and, without deigning a glance at the panthers, he smashed into the pen of lions and made kindlings of it. The largest of the three lions sprang on the borele's back as he came out of the pen, and perhaps his sharp claws inflicted some damage. He had no sooner leaped to the deck than the big beast chased him aft to the cabin, but had to stop there. One of the other lions disappeared down the forecastle, while the third crouched down by the water butt and kept up a fearful growling. No ship's crew ever found themselves in a stranger situation. It was pretty hard to say what should be done, and it was a full hour before we got any word from the captain. During this time the borele drove the other lion aft, smashed the water butt, drove the panther out from under the bedding into the forecastle with the third lion, and then destroyed our bedding and everything else which would yield to his terrible horns. Just before the captain called out to us one of our men pulled himself across to the foremast by the triangle stay, slipped down the lee shrouds, and, waiting until the borele was headed aft, he dropped to the deck and slid the cover over the forecastle companion. That act imprisoned a lion, a panther and one of the serpents, and was a display of judgment and nerve which the captain well rewarded.

The men shut up in the cabin finally hailed us to know the situation. The other two lions were crouched down at the wheel, and the panther in the boat had no idea of leaving it. The three beasts kept up a low growling and snarling, and would have picked a fight but for the presence of a common enemy. It was the rhinoceros which must be taken care of first. By order of the captain another man crossed to the foremast, and then the two descended the shrouds and shouted and gestured defiance at the borele until he was brought to the bows. Then three men, armed with guns and revolvers, slipped out of the cabin and into the shrouds of the mainmast, and it began to look as if we had the advantage. While we were trying to draw the borele aft again, that they might make a target of him, one of the lions leaped into the yawl, while the other ran for the bows of the brig. The one had scarcely entered the yawl when the panther jacked him, and for a minute the two bounded over the thwarts and tumbled about in the fiercest confusion, The yawl rocked about as if it would upset, and the screams and roars of the beasts were something awful. Glancing for an instant from the combatants to the water below, I saw the sharks gathering astern of us almost as thick as they could pack. Could one of us reach the tackle and lower away, we would be rid of two more of our enemies. The man below me on the shrouds moved down a little, thinking to carry out the idea, but just then the fighting beasts reared up over the thwart amidships, and seized each other with a fresh grip, and as they tugged and tussled, the rocking of the boat dumped them out, and the sharks snapped them up in a second.

The fight drew the attention of the rhinoceros. On his way aft he came across the lion, who was skulking under the bulwarks, and drove him back to his former position at the wheel. As I told you before, the big beast could not crowd in between the cabin roof and the bulwarks, but now, seeming to be madder than ever, he saw a new route before him. The roof of the cabin was about two feet above the deck, with a heavy glass skylight in the center. After a few terrific snorts the borele started to walk over the cabin roof. He got his full weight upon it, when his fore feet went through with a crash, and he rolled sideways into the narrow passage and was stuck fast, feet in the air, and the maddest rhinoceros on earth. While he was struggling there the men began firing upon the lion. After being hit three times he bounded over the cabin and ran forward out of sight. I think he attempted to go out on the bowsprit and was attacked by the serpent. We heard something of a struggle, followed by a heavy splash in the water, and that was the last known of either. All of us now clambered down to attack the rhinoceros. He was helpless to defend himself, and we used axes and bullets to rid him of life. Indeed, we chopped him in pieces in order to handle the body and get it overboard.

There were now a lion, a panther, and a serpent in the forecastle, and we proposed to let 'em fight it out. It was long after dinner before we cleared the deck, and we had not yet washed out the blood when a breeze sprang up, and we held our course. Had it come an hour sooner we should have been in a bad fix, as nobody could have touched the sails. Such bedding as could be spared from the cabin was passed up, and it was arranged for us to sleep on deck during the rest of the voyage. Not a sound had been heard from the forecastle during the day, but just before dark there was an awful rumpus. We could hear the hiss of the serpent, the screams of the panther, and the growls of the lion, and the row continued for a quarter of an hour. Then it died away, and nothing further disturbed us during the night. After breakfast next morning we armed ourselves with cutlasses and capstan bars, and stood about the hatch while the cover was slid back. There was an awful smell, but nothing moved. After a while one of the men descended the ladder part way, and it was presently discovered that all our enemies were dead. There had been a triangular fight between 'em, and it had continued until all were destroyed. The two beasts were bitten and scratched in the most terrible manner, and the serpent had been bitten through and through a dozen times. It took us a whole day to get rid of the stench and clean up, and our captain would not have taken another cage aboard the brig for its weight in gold.—New York Sun.

A Running Water, Neb., debating society, after three hours' discussion of the question: "Resolved, That buzzards are more beneficial than lawyers" decided in the affirmative.

Chinese Dust Storms.

A proper dust storm passed over Pekin a few days ago. The morning opened with a thick fog, damp and raw, and a slight air of wind from the east. In the forenoon the sun partially broke through and showed a strong current from the west in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Then a deep yellow haze obscured the sun for some hours, reminding us of the characteristic London fog. The air was quite still. In the afternoon, suddenly as a shot from a gun, a gale broke out of the west, and blew hard till after sunset, when it lulled, but broke out afresh during the night and continued for some hours more. The morning light revealed a coating of fine yellow dust over everything, entirely different from any of our local productions of that nature. This dust comes from great distances, and is carried along in a dense cloud at very high altitudes.—Chinese Times.